

An Epitaph vpon the death of the worshipfull  
*Maister Benedickt Spinola Merchaunt of*  
 Genoa, and fre Denizen of England, who dyed on  
 Tuesday the .12. of Iulie. 1580.



Amongst the States of Italie  
 that stand and strive for same,  
 There is a Citie passing braue  
 that Genoa hath to name.

Inhabited with noble race,  
 Whereas amongst the rest,  
 There is a House of Spinola,  
 as noble as the best.

Of Ancients come from forreine parts,  
 as fate did giue them leaue,  
 And by their armes it doth appeare,  
 they come from th house of Cleaue.

From out which stocke a budde of birth,  
 inferiour not to any,  
 Sprang in this Countries soile of ours,  
 a comfort great to many.

In that most gracious Princes reigne  
 Sixt Edward was he surnome  
 A Denizen: and euer since  
 hath faith and duetie bozne.

Unto the Princes of this Realme  
 still prest to doe them good,  
 And with them euer since his oath,  
 in grace and fauour stood.

At readie hand, at all affaires,  
 when Queene or Councell would  
 commaund him ought. He nought refuse  
 to doe what thing he could.

What passeth aboue my reach to know  
 I leaue: he liued here  
 A noble Merchaut euery way,  
 no straunger was his pere.

His friendly minde to all men like,  
 his word and deede was one,  
 And to the honest minded men,  
 his purse was shut from none.

Amongst the poore imparted he  
 the talent God him lent,  
 On poore, and setting poore on worke,  
 the greatest part he spent.

With money, meate, and Physicke too,  
 the sicke he comforts oft,  
 The men decaide that secret wept,  
 againe he set aloft.

The prisoners oft he visited  
 with money meate to buy,  
 And many did he set at large  
 that did for little lye.

What was his liberall almes abroad  
 I neede not for to shew it,  
 for what his bountie euery way,  
 the poore and rich doe know it.

His name inferd a godly life,  
 for Benedickt he hight,  
 Wh Spinola thy blessed woakes  
 are blessed in Gods sight.

And as his life was liked of,  
 vnblande of foe or friend,  
 So God did shew his mercies great  
 to him in latter end.

God memorie to latter gaspe,  
 and knowledge of the Lord,  
 A minde to prayer wholly bent,  
 as one that life abhorde.

With handes erected by aloft,  
 and eyes vnto the skies,  
 In contrite wise, when speech was gone,  
 in godly sort he lies.

Loe here his birth: from whence, whose life  
 it is that I doe write,  
 Whome out (alas) vntimely death  
 hath smitten with despite.

While may the sicke, wepe maye the poore,  
 and heaue many a hart,  
 What from so sure a friend as he  
 their chaunce is to depart.

Clay hath his right, death hath his due,  
 deserts remaine to Fame,  
 God hath his soule: the world his pelfe,  
 and byute, his lasting name.

God graunt thy good example may  
 raise vs to godly harts,  
 To help the poore as thou hast done  
 in gracious wordes and smart.

God is with thee, God be with vs,  
 God sende vs there to dwell  
 With Christ and the in Heauen aboue,  
 my Spinola thus farewell.

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